

Verse from within the fray

by Experimental

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Summary: Field journal meets haibun. Haiku snapshots of the war from a soldier on Delta Halo.

1. Hunters at night

2552.10.22, DELTA HALO“ What was left of our company set up camp for the night in a Forerunner station in the hills. 0 dark 30 local time were attacked by Covenant. Mostly grunts, a handful of elites or so & a pair of hunters. Hard to tell in the moonlight, but looked like spec ops armor. Maybe searching for Master Chief, maybe just survivors. We locked & barred the doors and managed to hold them off with only a few casualties. Stibbs got needled in the arm & Sgt Ibanjes suffered a plasma burn in the process but we patched them up w/ biofoam & it wasn't anything a few more days out here would really hurt.

Thank God for Forerunner technology! Whatever they made their buildings out of, it held up against the hunters right good. Didn't have much to do but wait it out, so the majority of us just sat in the main room of the structure and held our guns all night like they were security blankets. Couldn't help checking now & then to see if they were fully loaded, even though you already knew they were cos you'd checked them a hundred times already. Shared stories & jokes to keep ourselves alert. When no one said anything, you could hear the pounding at the doors & the little guys yapping & shooting off their plasma pistols like it would do any good. Made us all itching for action but at the same time no one really wanted to open the doors because of the hunters. It was that ungodly sound their fuel rod cannons made right before they discharged. Didn't have to worry about falling asleep cos that sound will keep you awake all night better than anything. Almost drive you mad.

Covies finally gave up trying to find a way in & moved on down the valley. Watched their progress by the light of the cannons above the fir trees, or whatever they are out here. Prayed for our men stationed down there, hoped they'd fare as well as we had. Could

still smell the burnt ozone around our area. I composed this verse while we were like that.

An ominous soundâ€"

>Fuel rods charging in the night
Hunters storm the doors

Cpl Eversson capped it right there on the spot, counting the syllables off on his fingers. The other guys laughed cos as far as poetry goes it was really bad. But we all felt the same way he did.

Watching the green explosions

>I want off this fucking ring <p>

Excerpt from the journal of Pte. J.S. Hosokawa.

2. Flying over New Mombasa by Pelican

_2552.10.20, IN AMBER CLADâ€" As we were flying in over the city, the shaved sides of the other guys' heads that was just visible under their helmets reminded me how shaved heads were associated with Buddhist monks in the old poetic tradition. I thought of how, what w/ this long & bloody war, this world is indeed a world of suffering. Still, if we thought it wasn't worth fighting for we would've never joined the Corps. If we'd chosen to abandon the world, toughing it out all alone in the mountains of some little fringe world, we would feel like traitors to our race. With that ironic feeling pumping my blood, I burned this verse into my memory so I could write it down when I had a moment of peace.

Our heads newly shaved

>We raise arms and turn to face
This world of Regret

Excerpt from the journal of Pte. J.S. Hosokawa.

End
file.